

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps
to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Yearly Subscribers only (whose names are registered at the Office) are entitled to an Admission to the Annual Concert

No. 40.—VOL. XXII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.

Gloucester, Sunday, Sept. 26th, 1847.

DEAR RYAN,—My last was cut short by the anticipation of an immediate ascent to the top of Gloucester Cathedral. But I did not go, and might have got to the end of my letter without interruption. The reason of my non-ascent I have forgotten. Therefore, without further preface, let me pursue the main subject of the present communication—the Festival.

To begin at the end—there has not been for many years a meeting which has given so much satisfaction and proved so light a burden on the shoulders of the stewards, who do not like paying through the nose, gentlemen though they be. But to return to the beginning—I have already furnished you with an account of the first day's proceedings, and the following are the remaining contents of my common-place book:—

Wednesday.—The clouds are gone to the hills; the sun rides alone in the sky; birds are singing, insects buzzing, bells chiming, carriages rolling; the old city is alive again, and the aspect of things proclaims a joyous Festival. It is strange—but I have remarked, since 1836, in the month of May, when *Paulus* was first performed, at the triennial Rhenish Festival, held that year in Dusseldorf—that the name of Mendelssohn is sure to bring fine weather. I cannot recall, during eleven years, any musical event in which Mendelssohn has been concerned, without the memory of blue sky and sunshine spontaneously accompanying the recollection. It will seem odd, but it is nevertheless true, and I have taken such particular note of it that I cannot be mistaken. The *Elijah*, this morning, the grand event of the Festival, is another instance to add to my collection. You will say, the oratorio opens with a prophecy that there shall be neither rain nor dew "for these years;" but this is merely punning upon the circumstance, and is unworthy of you. Certain it is, however, that the sky, which yesterday was all brown, to-day is all blue, and I have a superstitious credence that Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is the real cause of the change.

The Cathedral was crammed to repletion. *Elijah* is destined to be a great popular idol, like the *Messiah*—an attraction never failing—a sure card in Festivals; and it deserves to be—for, nearer than any other work, it approaches the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of Handel's masterpiece. The performance on the whole was excellent. The band was careful, the chorus on the alert, the soloists on their mettle. Madame Caradori and Miss A. Williams were the *sopranos*, Miss Dolby and Miss M. Williams the *contraltos*, Mr. Lockey and Mr. Williams the *tenors*, Herr Staudigl and Mr. Weiss the *basses*. I will not tire you with a repetition of details which have more than once been given in the *Musical World*. You know

my opinion of these vocalists, *apropos* of their exertions in the *Elijah*. Suffice it they exhibited their usual merits and their usual zeal. I have only to protest against the impropriety of taking from Miss A. Williams the part in the duet, "Lord, bow down thine ear to our prayer," which Mendelssohn himself assigned to her in Birmingham, and which is not suited to Madame Caradori's voice or style of singing. The conductor, Mr. Amott, had studied the score attentively, and only sinned, here and there, in dragging the times:—as for example in the overture, which was taken much too slow, and in several of the choruses. The organ, in the hands of Mr. Townshend Smith, was what Mendelssohn intended:—a medium for strengthening the harmony and varying the instrumentation—not a coarse obtrusive feature, as it has been made elsewhere. The sensation produced by *Elijah* justified all that the Gloucester amateurs had anticipated. Its success, both in an artistic and pecuniary point of view, was triumphant. There was but one opinion about it. Worcester, next year, and Hereford, the year after (unless Mr. Done and Mr. Smith, the organists of either cathedral, be not the men for whom I take them) will imitate the example of Gloucester, and make the *Elijah* the prominent attraction of the Festival.

The second miscellaneous concert took place in the evening, at the Shire Hall. Mendelssohn was again the feature of the programme, and with the overture and incidental music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the performances commenced. Nothing new can be said of this *chef d'œuvre*. Let it suffice that the overture was well performed, albeit a shade too slow; the *scherzo* ditto ditto; the two-part song, "Ye spotted snakes," was ably rendered by the Misses Williams and chorus; the interlude, in A minor, of "Hermia seeking Lysander in the wood" was omitted; the *notturno* was not so well played as the other instrumental pieces; the wedding march, brilliantly but noisily executed, was encored by the whole audience; and the final chorus "Through this house," went with great precision and delicacy. Like the *Walpurgis Night*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* has now tested the ordeal of the three choirs; admired, applauded at Worcester, it was more admired, more applauded at Hereford, most admired and most applauded at Gloucester. A better sign of the advancement of musical taste in the provinces could hardly be looked for.

After the last echo of Mendelssohn's faëry music had died away, Alboni, the gorgeous Alboni, with her portly frame and winning smile, came forward and sang "Una voce poco fa," after her own peculiar fashion, and at once produced an impression, which has had no parallel in the musical annals of Gloucester. It is enough to say that Alboni sang in her usual style, to account for the effect she produced. She was rap-

turously encored, and repeated the *allegro* with increased brilliancy. There was scarcely a note of Rossini's text, but the thing had a charm of its own that was quite irresistible. Alboni's triumph was followed by Staudigl, who sang a lugubrious recitative and air by one Fuchs in first-rate style, giving place to Miss Dolby and Mr. Lockey, who rendered due justice to Balfe's graceful duet, "The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore," and were in their turn followed by Mrs. Weiss, who distinguished herself favourably in the elegant song, "They little know the charms," from Benedict's opera of *The Crusaders*,—the first part concluding with the duet "Dunque io son," which was read in a style thoroughly original, by Alboni and Staudigl.

Then ensued the "interval of twenty minutes," which might have been termed an interlude, so loud was the *causerie*, and so boisterous the merriment; the prime motive thereto being John Parry's "London Season," in the course of which the *buffo unique sui generis* (it requires three tongues to apostrophise him) introduced, with singular felicity and *apropos*, the name of the gifted Alboni, whose singing had so stirred the hearts of the auditors. And to say that John Parry sang was to say that John Parry was encored—Albert Smith coming in for his share of the ovations, although not present to endure them *in propria persona*.

Weber's tremendous overture to *Euryanthe*, capitally played, began the second part, and was followed by Curschmann's smooth *terzettinetto*, "Ti prego," which was pleasantly chaunted by the pretty Misses Williams and Mr. Lockey. Then once more the voice of Alboni pealed through the building, until it was alive with pulsatory vibrations, that made the atmosphere quiver, as with delight at being thus deliciously oppressed. The air was "Il segreto," the well-known bacchanalian from *Lucrezia*. To describe the sensation and the triple encore demands a pen more used to apostrophe than mine, which I lay down in despair. It was a rare treat, however, to behold the crowd, moved as the sea by tempestuous winds, roar and roar again with convulsions of satisfaction. Mr. Lockey's quiet reading of Hatton's quaint serenade, "The silver moon," nevertheless, did not fail to find appreciators. Of the glee, "O by rivers," (also styled *serenade*,) "arranged" by Bishop, from Wilson and Saville (a large companionship in such a small commodity) albeit nicely rendered by Miss Dolby, Misses A. and M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Weiss, I would rather say (because I think nothing) nothing. But no praise can be too warm for Miss Dolby, who in Mozart's unaffected and lovely air, "Quando miro," sang in such unaffected and lovely style as to move all hearts to feel, all hands to applaud, all voices to say, "once more!" And once more the charming singer gave a tongue to that divine melody, and once more impressed her hearers with a sense of her own great merits and Mozart's unapproachable supremacy. Nothing in the concert—not even Mendelssohn's *Dream*, not even Alboni's oily tones—pleased more than this modest air, thus modestly interpreted. The music and the singer were worthy of each other. Another encore followed, for Staudigl, who sang with glorious fervour, the glorious, "Ruddier than the cherry," from the pearl of pastorals, *Acis and Galatea*. It is but truth to say that the Gloucester audience knew what to applaud and what to be indifferent to, as well as any London audience I ever came amidst. They showed it in their instant appreciation of the two gems last mentioned.

Nor did the beautiful tone and finished execution of Mr. Williams, in a *fantasia* upon the clarionet, escape the best appreciation; the air, "Hope told," was exquisitely played,

and the variations were executed with masterly ease. Miss Martha Williams sang a little air, by one Krebs, "Dearest I think of thee," in a manner that was not the less attractive because it was wholly unpretending. A M.S. song, by H. Laurent, "Old customs," though intelligently rendered by Mr. Weiss, did not make any great impression. The duet, "Bella imago," from *Semiramide*, by Alboni and Staudigl, was the last item of the programme, and played the audience out—which, by the way, was but a mean compliment to the great artistes who were singing. The attendance at this concert was numerous, but not inconveniently crowded, as might have been anticipated from the attractions of the programme. But Alboni's influence was more legitimately exerted after she had been heard, and early the next day not a ticket was to be obtained for the third concert, *par amours* or otherwise.

Thursday.—I shall make short work of this day's selection, in the Cathedral, which was fragmentary in form and egregious in length. The first part commenced with "Spring," from Haydn's *Seasons*—Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss, taking the *solos*; and concluded with some fragments from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, in which Madame Caradori Allan, the Misses Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Messrs. Lockey, Weiss, Williams, Genge, Ashton, Smythson, and Herr Staudigl, were the principals. The second part began with a selection from Beethoven's Mass in C, the *solos* by Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey and Herr Staudigl; proceeded with the chorus, "Rex tremendæ," and quartet, "Recordare," from Mozart's *Requiem* (Miss A. Williams, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss,) the air, "Rolling with foaming billows," (Staudigl,) the air, "With verdure clad," (Madame Caradori,) the air, "In native worth," (Mr. Lockey,) a chorus, "Gloria in excelsis," by Pergolesi, the air, "Gratias agimus," by Guglielmi, (Madame Caradori, with Mr. Williams on the clarionet), a duet, "Forsake me not," by Spohr, (Miss A. Williams and Mr. Lockey,) the air, "But the Lord is mindful," from *St. Paul*, (Miss Dolby,) a quartet unaccompanied, "Alia trinita beata," (Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Staudigl,) and a chorus, by Haydn, "The Arm of the Lord;" and concluded with some pieces from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, in which Madame Caradori, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Staudigl officiated as principals. This motley classification of good and indifferent music produced an universal effect of *ennui*. It proved quite unattractive, moreover, for the attendance was unusually scanty, although the weather was fine, and expectations of a successful third day had been general. But the truth must be told:—*pol-pourris* are going rapidly out of fashion, and strong hopes may be entertained of their ultimate abolition, never to be revived again, by which music will be an immense gainer.

Equally brief shall I be with the concert in the evening—the third and last—of which the following was the scheme:

PART I.

Overture—(Guillaume Tell)—*Rossini*.
 Glee—Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Weiss, "By Celia's arbour."—*Horsley*.
 Aria—Madame Caradori Allan, "Il soave, e bel contento."—*Puccini*.
 Air—Herr Staudigl, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen."—*Mozart*.
 Aria—Madame Alboni, "Una voce poco f."—(Il Barbiero di Siviglia.)—*Rossini*.
 Glee and Chorus—Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Miss E. Byers, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Williams, Mr. Peck, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Smythson, Mr. Green, and Herr Staudigl, "The Gipsies' Tent."—*T. Cooke*.
 Romance Française—Madame Caradori Allan, "On m'a dit que j'étais rieuse."—(La Fauvette du Canton)—*Clapisson*.
 Air—Mr. Weiss, "The light of other days."—*Balfe*.

Duet—Miss A. Williams and Mr. Lockey, "Do not shun me."—(Jessonda.)
Spohr.

Terzettino—Madame Caradori Allan, Madlle. Alboni, and Herr Staudigl,
"L'usa ardor."—(Semiramide)—Rossini.

New Song—Mr. John Parry, "Miss Harriet and her Governess; or, a
Young Lady's Thoughts on Education." Written by Mr. J. W. Roe,
arranged by John Parry.

PART II.

Grand Symphony—(B flat)—Beethoven.

Cavatina—Madlle. Alboni, "In questo semplice."—Donizetti.

Song—Herr Staudigl, "Non più andrai."—(Le Nozze di Figaro)—Mozart.

Ballad—Miss Dolby, "Forget thee."—G. E. Hay.

Recitativo and Aria—Madame Caradori Allan, "Invano alcun desir."—
(Armida)—Gluck.

Glee—Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and

Mr. Weiss, "Believe me, tears."—Sir H. R. Bishop.

Ballad—Mrs. Weiss, "It is not form."—(The Bondman)—Balfe.

Duetto—Madame Caradori Allan and Madlle. Alboni, "Giorno d'orrore."
—(Semiramide)—Rossini.

New Ballad—Mr. Lockey, "Come down here."—Blewitt.

Finale—"God save the Queen."

Alboni triumphed again, was encored in both her songs, and solicited by a deputation from the stewards to sing yet another—with which solicitation she cheerfully complied, repeating the Bacchanalian from *Lucrezia*, which had created so great a sensation on the night previous. Here let me make the *amende honorable* to Mr. Lindsay Sloper, who has been accompanying Alboni on her tour, and there being no orchestral parts at hand, assumed his place at the piano, and played this sparkling song in a style of brilliancy and neatness peculiar to himself. Encores were also awarded to Staudigl in Mozart's fine air; to Mr. T. Cooke's clever "glee and chorus;" to Miss Dolby, in Mr. Hay's ballad; to Madame Caradori in the charming air of Gluck; and to the duet from *Semiramide* by Madame Caradori and Madlle Alboni. An encore was also deserved, though not obtained, by Miss A. Williams and Mr. Lockey, in Spohr's duet. The national anthem was not encored; but John Parry's new song—one of excellent humour, by the way—was enthusiastically re-demanded; in response to which John Parry sang *another*. On the whole this concert was much inferior to the first and second. The only great piece attempted, Beethoven's symphony in B flat, was shorn of the two last movements, and what was given was in a style that may be called slovenly, with strict adherence to truth. Nevertheless, owing to the extraordinary sensation produced by Alboni on the previous night the Shire Hall was crammed to an overflow, and many were sent away disappointed in obtaining tickets. Alboni is the whole theme of Gloucester *causerie*; you cannot pass up and down the streets without hearing an earnest discussion of her merits in almost every corner, nor can you approach a house where there is a piano, without hearing some young lady endeavouring to emulate the fervour and intensity of her "Yah-e-oo!" in the *Betty* affair, which absolutely fills the atmosphere of the city with strange and unmusical noises, the awkward ebullitions of amateur screamers. I cannot much admire this *tyrolien*, and I quite agree with a musical friend who observed to me that a Parisian audience would hardly tolerate it even from Alboni. But like the Ethiopian business, it has acquired, in England, the whole favour and sympathy of the mob. This I cannot deny; but I would rather not hear such a magnificently endowed artiste as Alboni descend to such means of courting popularity.

Friday.—*The Messiah* was performed this morning in the Cathedral, in first-rate style. The principal singers were Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Williams, and Herr Staudigl, who all exerted themselves with commendable zeal, in rendering justice to the great masterpiece they were in-

terpreting. The band and chorus were admirable, and on the whole I have rarely heard the *Messiah* more satisfactorily performed. It is unnecessary to say more about this undying work, which every musician and amateur knows by heart, or ought to know. The attendance was good, but not so crowded as on the *Elijah* day.

In the evening there was another ball at the Shire-Hall, which was not so well patronised (although by no means ill patronised) as was anticipated. I amused myself by looking at the dancers for an hour or two—and then for an hour or two more—and eventually got to bed at five in the morning, and rose in time to miss the train for London by which I had calculated on going. And so I took a solitary walk in the country instead, and was enchanted with my excursion—for Gloucestershire is really beautiful and romantic.

The pecuniary result of the Festival, in respect to the Charity which it is intended to assist, may be gathered from the following, which gives the result of the last three Festivals, and has appeared in the Gloucestershire *Chronicle* and *Journal*:

	1847.	1844.	1841.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
First day,.....	170 16 2	163 18 4	130 12 4
Second day,....	240 14 4	111 9 4	126 7 11
Third day,....	125 10 0	79 19 0	155 6 2
Fourth day,....	147 2 6	175 0 4	121 1 4
	£684 3 0	530 7 0	533 7 9

By which it will be seen that the present year has considerably the advantage. Indeed, the Festival has altogether exceeded the warmest anticipations of the stewards, who are likely to issue, scot-free, from the ordeal of responsibility. This must be satisfactory to all, since it ensures the continued association of Gloucester with the other two choirs in future meetings. It would be a grievous thing were any untoward mischance to put an end to these really splendid meetings, which, while they assist an excellent charity, advance the cause of music. But the inhabitants of Gloucester must bestir themselves, and not leave the entire responsibilities on the shoulders of the stewards, who get nothing but *honor* for their pecuniary risk and their heavy labor. Instead of impeding the objects of the Festival, by raising the prices of everything, they should rather endeavour to promote them by offering increased facilities to visitors by accommodating them at a reasonable profit. They would thereby draw numbers to the town, during Festival week, who, as matters are now managed, keep away altogether, in fear of the exorbitant expense. Let them remember that, more than anybody they themselves would suffer by the annihilation of the Festival.

The Rev. Dr. Evans, one of the most zealous and active of the stewards, and Sir John Seymour, a liberal patron of the Festival, kept open house all the week for the artists and visitors from a distance, in a style of prodigal munificence.

The greatest kindness was shown to the members of the press by Mr. Brown, the excellent secretary of the stewards, who spared no pains in procuring them every information they required, and was unremitting in his courteous and gentlemanly attentions. The musical arrangements, on the whole, conferred much credit on Mr. Amott, under whose sole superintendence they were. Mr. Done was of good service in directing the concerts at the Shire-Hall; and Mr. Townshend Smith, as organist, acquitted himself with commendable zeal and talent. Nor must we omit to name with honor our excellent friend, Mr. T. Cooke, who filled the post of *chef d'attaque* with his usual ability and diligence.

On the whole I have spent a very agreeable week at

Glocester, which I am not sorry to have visited, if only for the sake of the Cathedral, which is one of the finest in the world, and is a glory to the city of which it constitutes the almost solitary monument. For the present, adieu. You will probably hear from me again next week.—Yours as ever, D.

P.S.—If you want a list of the company that has attended the Festival, you will find it in *The Times*, from Lord Ellenborough down to Mr. Grantley Berkley, who was brilliantly conspicuous at the evening concerts, and wore his shirt collar *nello stilo Byrono*. He is a well-looking man, considering his letters and speeches.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

(Concluded from page 586.)

BUT little more remains to be said on this subject, to which we have already devoted more space and attention than our limits warrant. A few general remarks must close our present examination.

That the season has been one of almost unprecedented success there can be little doubt. It is even stated, with confidence, that Mr. Lumley has pocketed £22,000, clear of all expenses. We cannot believe it. The prosperity of the season is entirely attributable to Mdlle. Lind, the loss previous to whose advent must have been severe, while the outlay that guaranteed her presence was doubtless very great. Add to this the enormous cost of the general company, operatic and choreographic, and the probability of a large surplus at the end of the season appears *in nubibus*.

Comparing the prospectus that was issued previous to the commencement of the season with the record of what actually occurred, we find a long catalogue of sins by omission. The subject, however, is worn out; the unaccomplished pledges have been discussed *ad nauseam* by certain of the press, and all that invective has been able to draw from Mr. Lumley, in reply, is a sneer. But Mr. Lumley may fairly urge, in defence of the policy he has thought proper to pursue, "If my subscribers and the public be satisfied, who has a right to complain?" That the public was satisfied needs not to be insisted on; the crowds that flocked to Mdlle. Lind's performances, up to the very last moment, sufficiently testifying it. Whether the subscribers were or were not satisfied is of slight consequence, since their numbers were but scanty. Complaints have been made, however, about the number of nights on which they were deprived of the advantage of hearing Mdlle. Lind; but we have already said, and we rest firm in the conviction, that the subscribers heard her often enough for their money—oftener, indeed, than they had a right to expect. If there be any among their number who would rather hear one fine opera than one fine singer in several indifferent operas, these have a right to reproach Mr. Lumley for want of faith, in failing to accomplish the pledge contained in his prospectus, about *The Tempest* of Mendelssohn. If also, there be among their number any who prefer a variety of works, old and new, thoroughly well done in all respects, to a monotonous repetition of two or three stale operas, inefficiently represented, except in one or two particulars, these may also complain of the prospectus, which promised so much and performed so little. If, lastly, there be any among the number who prefer the classical works of the great masters to the threadbare trumpery of the modern Italians, who nourish themselves with the rinsings of Rossini's bottles, these also have a right to complain of the prospectus, which was as the mountain that groaned, and gave to the world—a mouse. But we hold the

opinion that "a lion," *quelconque*, is what the "subscribers," properly so called, chiefly demand; give them a *bravura* air from Lind or Alboni, and Mozart and Rossini may be shelved, for aught they care, *ad perpetuam*.

But next season will be the ordeal; next season will test the strength of the two operas, and the judgment of the public; next season will try the Lind-mania; next season will draw the curtain, behind which strange things are in preparation; next season will show whether two Italian Operas can or cannot exist in London—and, if the latter, which of the twain shall survive, and which give up the ghost. For the present, then, we lay down our pen, and shall not take it up again, until an occasion presents for a renewal of our "Chats with Rumour."

A TREATISE ON THE "AFFINITIES OF GOTHE,"

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTIC VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Rötscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 618.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

If now the sympathy which we feel for Ottilia is, from the moment when her love for Edward fills her whole existence, accompanied by the painful surmise that a tragic fate is here preparing, this sensation is heightened by the increasing suffering of Ottilia's soul—a suffering over which she has no control. But the fact that she is the very person selected to experience this fate, being placed in a conflict from which she cannot completely draw back—the consciousness of this fact changes any reproof which might emanate from a certain moral pride into the acknowledgement of a state which is elevated above imputation, and which unceasingly hastens towards its painful development. To use the poet's word's, "We observe with reverence a mind in which the seed of a great destiny has been sown, which must await the development of what it has received, and can accelerate neither the good nor the bad, neither the happiness nor the unhappiness, which can arise from it."

It belongs to the following section on the composition of the work to shew with what high art the poet has exhibited to us the state of Ottilia's soul, especially by a contrast with the noisy proceedings of Luciane, and how by bringing Ottilia into contact with elements so opposed to her, he has still heightened our painful sympathy. It is our present task, now we have brought to consciousness the fundamental traits of the character, to comprehend the tragical catastrophe of Ottilia in unity with what has been developed.

Since Ottilia's whole nature is absorbed in Edward, and this inclination, as we have seen, has penetrated her whole individuality, there was need of a fearful warning to bring her to reflection upon herself and the condition of her soul, and, as it were, to free her from herself. This warning from a high power she discerns in the death of the child, which immediately follows the passionate resignation to Edward, and which, as her return to Charlotte is delayed by this meeting, is caused by the hurry with which she endeavours to make up for lost time. Through this frightful event, which announces itself to her deep heart in the unveiling of a fearful crime, she trembles in all the depths of her life, and, as if guided by a higher inspiration, declares the renunciation of Edward to be a necessary expiation.

As with Ottilia, everything has the character of immediateness, —of intuition; so does this act of perfect voluntary renunciation take place at a moment when every outward obstacle is removed, which yet opposed in any degree the highest wish of her life. As if sunk into a magnetic sleep, she hears in it the voice which, with unyielding strength, now demands the unconditioned sacrifice of the heart. Even in the manner in which she hears this penetrating summons of her divine nature, the natural force maintains, as it were, its power, since every form of reflection, and generally a

gradual growth of this result is completely banished, and her resolution comes forth as a lightning-flash suddenly illuminating her whole being.

As Ottilia in this act has completely elevated herself above herself, so has she also at the same time completely freed herself from herself. The moment in which the beautiful child of nature, who has hitherto merely followed her own wishes unconstrained, and whose whole organization only impelled her to the fulfilment of her own laws, raises herself with self-consciousness into the region of moral freedom, has severed her from her whole former condition, nay, from her whole essential nature, the mysterious connexion with the macrocosm has given way to an open compact with the moral Idea, the "elective affinity" of the heart has changed into a free union with the divine spirit.

This free elevation of Ottilia carries with it—according to her nature—a double result which we must bring forward. Ottilia from this moment appears illuminated by a superterrestrial clearness, in which she knows that she has thoroughly atoned for her offence, and at the same time feels cut off from every return into her former state of mind. The grace, which she feels, she participates, keeps her upright in the most fearful moment of her life. Here in the meeting with Edward, when the natural force of feeling once more gathers together all its strength, and forms before her the fulness of the happiest hopes and remembrances; here she completely plucks the first fruit of moral elevation, and feels herself powerfully sustained by the divine grace which powerfully reigns within her. Here, therefore, the internal element is completely accomplished, and the divine clearness, which is diffused over her, and which manifests itself by nothing more powerfully than by the energetic effort which she herself exercises on the urgent natural force in Edward, has elevated her both above herself, and above the whole sphere of the temporal and the finite.

But this elevation above herself at the same time announces itself as an absolute separation from the whole compass of her existence, from all the fibres and sinews which attached her to the natural soil of her life, and gives us the certainty of her freedom. Since Ottilia was nothing out of the natural power which entirely filled her, so a perfect victory over this is, in Ottilia, a delivery of the mind from the pressure of matter. This feeling, too, streams through Ottilia. Both sides are interwoven to an indissoluble whole. Ottilia, illuminated by the views of moral freedom and divine grace, can regard herself as a consecrated person, who, educated in a most singular course, invisibly guided by a superterrestrial power, becomes herself elevated above every earthly ill, and in the purest activity sees her only satisfaction in educating others in a gentle way, and leading them towards their destination. But that such a fearful destiny is fulfilled just in her—that she is selected to experience extraordinary suffering, and to bring her heart, nay, her whole existence as a sacrifice, because in her are kindled the irrecoverable powers of the moral Idea, and the natural force of feeling,—this for the moment makes her regard herself as "a singularly unfortunate being, who, even if she be innocent, is nevertheless marked in a fearful manner."

But in truth the notion of Ottilia that she is elevated out of the multitude by a fortune quite peculiar, and chosen as a vessel for a great soul-suffering, is merged in the thought that she has thus become the organ of an Idea, which extends beyond the individual, and has, as it were, the honor of exhibiting in her individual appearance a great moral law for all. This is the case with Ottilia in the highest sense of the word. The victory of the moral Idea over the natural force, which in her fate appears in the most striking manner, is, as it were announced as a victory of spirit over matter. As Ottilia frees herself from the bonds of the natural force, so, being purified in herself, she turns against matter, and by her unconquerable dislike to eating and drinking, expresses at the same time her aversion from all that is earthly and material,—a dislike which with her has become an immediate natural determinateness, a secret law of her being.* But in this aversion from the material

is expressed at the same time the spiritualization of the whole being and its freedom from the body. Death only seals the absolute want of agreement between the unfree world of that feeling of natural law to which Ottilia's whole individuality has been subject, with that region of moral freedom which, as it is generally built upon the constrained natural man, comes, even in Ottilia's fall, to itself, and to a feeling of its highest energy, which is elevated above all natural determinateness, and which in the dissolution of Ottilia gives itself, as it were, the most striking and extensive confirmation.

That character of mystery, which is diffused over Ottilia's entire personality, once more comes forward at her death with all its weight, but fully in accordance with the individuality itself and its development. What else is exhibited in that miracle which Nancy, who has fallen down at the feet of Ottilia as if lifeless and apparently shattered, experiences by contact with Ottilia,—what else, we say, but the same victory of spirit over matter, which has presented itself to us in the renunciation and in the death?† In the cure of Nancy, by touching Ottilia, returns that secret power of natural determinateness, which swayed Ottilia's whole being, but in a higher form, since in it is immediately revealed to the senses, only the brightest energy of the soul over the body in its invisible mastery over matter. This mystery, indeed, like every other, is only for a sense which is thoroughly certain of the absolute power of the mind over earthly matter, and acknowledges its unconditioned effect, which passes over every limit of the understanding. Thus the miracle performed on Nancy also exercises its extraordinary influence over many as the place where the holy body is laid, became for them an object of pilgrimage, and "no one was old and weak that he did not feel himself refreshed and lightened on this spot."

Thus the image of Ottilia represents itself as a beautiful formed whole, which, while in its fundamental traits it announces itself as a mystery for the understanding, fulfills the mysterious laws of its organization, and in its tragic fall both atones for the crime of that resignation to the natural force of feeling, which is rooted in her individuality and also brings to view this eternal victory of moral freedom and the present energy of the mind above matter.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LIII.

I thought of love but as a strange sweet pain,
Which in my youth I was compell'd to know;
Feeling the stream of life too smoothly flow,
I long'd to undergo that pain again.
I bared my heart, with that desire insane,
And call'd on love to bring me joy or woe,
To waken feelings wither'd long ago;—
I call'd on love, and did not call in vain.
I knew not what I ask'd—he came, he came,
And in his train brought demons of despair,
Like an avenger hast'ning to destroy.
And in my heart he rais'd no gentle flame,
But a dark lightless fire he kindled there,—
And then the fiends laugh'd with unholy joy.

N. D.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 604.)

THE atomics, from the deficiency which suggested that name, afford no basis for the function of the radical and vanish. Most of them have a perceptible vocule, which consists in a short aspiration like the whispering of e-rr. There is no musical quality in their

sinking frame; here also a moral affection appears as that under which the body is completely crushed.—Dr. Rötscher's note.

† Nancy appeared shattered in every limb. The girl was picked up, and by accident or through a special providence was rested upon the corpse,—nay, seemed with the last remains of life to wish to reach her beloved mistress. But scarcely had her dangling limbs touched Ottilia's dress, scarcely had her powerless fingers touched Ottilia's folded hands, than she sprang up, first raised her arms and hands to heaven, then fell down upon her knee before the coffin, and with devotional transport looked up to her mistress.—Cited by Dr. Rötscher.

* In this sense Göschel, in his "Discussions on Göthe's manner of poetizing and thinking," very sensibly asks: "Is Ottilia's death a suicide or the result of an irreconcileable misunderstanding between body and soul from which an insuperable disgust at everything material has been developed?" The death of Ottilia is with the greatest art, deprived of the character of an intentional deed designed with full reflection. It should also be observed that the reckless explanation by Mittler, of the sixth (seventh) commandment, consumes the last force in the

sound. They do furnish *Time* or the power of prolongation to speech, but on a wretched material. Though inferior in most of their properties to the other elements, yet it shall be shown, in treating on the expression of speech, that the *aspiration* is both significative and emphatic. The enumeration made under the preceding divisions, includes all the elementary sounds of the English language, which, apart from questionable and unimportant points, have been noticed by observant authors. There are three of the subtonics, and three of the atonics—*b*, *d*, *g*, *p*, *t*, and *k*, that have eminently an explosive character; the breath bursting out after a complete occlusion. From their serving peculiar purposes in speech, they may be distinguished as a subdivision, and called *abrupt* elements. In the beginning of a syllable, they produce a sudden opening of the succeeding sound; and at the end they exhibit their final vocule. The foregoing arrangement of elementary sounds was devised to display their relationships to intonation. For a closer view of this subject, I shall describe particularly the structure and functions of the Tonics. This detail was separated from the general view, in order to avoid distracting the reader's attention from the drift of that classification, by the interesting development which has been deferred to this place. In illustrating the nature of the radical and vanishing movement, by the tonic *a-le*, it was stated that this element consists of two sorts of sound, and that when uttered with inexpressive effort, the voice rises through the interval of a tone; the radical beginning on *a*, and the vanish diminishing to a close *e*. Now, as all the tonic sounds necessarily pass through the radical and vanish, they demand an analysis relatively to that concrete function pitch. These seven of the tonic elements, *a-we*, *a-rt*, *a-n*, *a-le*, *i-sle*, *o-ld*, *o-ur*, have different sounds for the two extremes of their concrete movement. The remaining five, *ee-l*, *oo-ze*, *e-rr*, *e-nd*, *i-n*, have each one unaltered sound through their concrete movement. The tonics may, therefore, be properly divided into Diphthongs and Monothongs. *A-we* has for its radical the sound of *a* in *a-we*; and for its vanish a short and obscure sound of the monothong *e-rr*. *A-rt* has for its radical the sound of *a* in *a-rt*; its vanish, like that of the preceding, being the short and obscure sound of *e-rr*. The radical of *a-n* is the sound of *a* in *a-n*; its vanish is the same in degree and sort with the last. The sound of these elements has heretofore been considered as homogeneous throughout: for their vanish being very faint in ordinary utterance, it has escaped perception. But it may be heard by using these elements severally with earnest interrogation. They will each terminate at a high pitch in a feeble sound of *e-rr*. *A-le*, as said formerly, has its radical with the distinct sound of the monothong *ee-l* for its vanishing movement. *I-sle* has its radical followed in like manner by a vanish of the monothong *ee-l*. The diphthong nature of *i* has long been known, and the discovery of it is attributed to Wallis, the grammarian. It is described by Sheridan and others as consisting of *a-we* and *ee-l*; the coalescence of the two producing the peculiar sound of *i*.

In this account it is admitted that the element is peculiar: one can therefore see no need of reference to *a-we* in the theory of its causation. A skilful ear will readily perceive that the radical of *i-sle* is a peculiar tonic, and will so report thereon without having recourse to any supposition as to its changes from a previous sound. *O-ld* has its radical in the sound of *o*, formerly supposed to be homogeneous. Its vanish is the distinctly audible sound of the monothong *oo-ze*. *O-ur* has a radical followed in like manner by a vanish of the monothong *oo-ze*. That the first sound of this diphthongal tonic is not *a-we*, but a radical of its own, may easily be proved by a discriminating ear; and a trial with the voice will show that *a-we* does not unite with *oo-ze* by that easy gliding transition which is heard in the junction of the true radical of *ou-r* with the same *oo-ze*. I have been at a loss what to say of that sound which is signified by *oi* and *oy* in *voice* and *boy*. It may be looked upon as a diphthongal tonic, consisting of the radical *a-we* and of the vanishing monothong *i* when the quantity of the element is short, and of *ee-l* when long. But from the habit of the voice it is difficult to give *a-we* without adding its usual vanish of *e-rr*; and this makes the compound a triphthong. If it is taken as a diphthongal tonic, this is the only instance in which the same radical has two different vanishes. And though this reason should not be conclusive against its classification, it suggests an examination of the subject. In case this sound should be considered as a

true diphthongal tonic, and analogies seem in favor of it, it would make the number of tonics thirteen, and the whole of the elements thirty-six.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

“*You cannot forget;*” ballad, sung by Miss DOLBY; the words from L. E. L.’s popular novel, “Ethel Churchill;” the music composed by G. LINLEY.—CRAMER, BEALE, & CO.

A pleasing, plaintive melody Mr. Linley has found to set L. E. L.’s poetry. The composer has taken pains to avoid the general complaint made against ballads, viz. their being written too high. The highest note in the song before us is E flat, though an F may be used in the bar leading to the return of the subject, should the singer please. The accompaniment is simple and happy. We admire the song altogether.

“*May Flowers;*” duet, composed by BRINLEY RICHARDS.—CHAPPELL. We admire this duet much. The subject is tasteful, and neatly appropriated to the words, and the accompaniment handled like a musician. The voicing is excellent. We recommend this composition strongly as a drawing-room essay for two ladies. It will also prove a capital piece d’*étude* for practising duo singing.

“*Friends and Home;*” ballad, written by A. W. HAMMOND; composed by G. BARKER.—CHAPPELL.

THE merit of this ballad lies entirely in a certain popular expression, to speak mildly, which generally belongs to the compositions of the author. We cannot laud the song highly. It will surely find favorers among the multitude, who are devoted to such melting strains as “*Mary Blane*,” and the like favorite compositions, but we cannot proclaim it the more on that account. In not eulogising the ballad, however, we would not deprive Mr. G. Barker of all the merit which rightly belongs to him.

“*Fantasia*” for the Pianoforte: on the most celebrated American airs, sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders, by E. STIRLING.—METZLER & CO.

A hearty, well-constructed, lively, and humorous *morceau*. The melodies introduced are “*Ole Bull*,” “*Old Dan Tucker*,” “*Lucy Neal*,” “*I’m going ober de Mountain*,” and “*A Life by the Galley Fire*.” We are quite sure this will prove a favorite piece, when it is once known, with all admirers of transatlantic tunes.

“*Psalms and Hymns.*” Parts 1 and 2, by EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D., F.S.A.—CHAPPELL.

THIS is a work of much merit and great utility, and will be found of the greatest benefit to parish choirs, for which intention it has been especially produced. Part 1 contains a selection of Psalm and Hymn tunes, viz. thirty-four in Common Measure; eighteen in Long Measure; three in Short Measure; five in Peculiar Measure; and nine Hymn tunes. Part 2 comprises a selection of Chants, Sanctuaries, Kyries, Services and Anthems, from the works of Tallis, R. and J. Farrant, Byrd, Child, Humphries, Flintoff, Boyce, Attwood, Crotch, Turle, Marbeck, Gibbons, Bryan, Rogers, Hayes, Arnold, King, Creyhton, Richardson, Goss, and Beethoven. The work is printed in imperial octavo, and each part contains sixty-four pages of letter-press. The accompaniments are either for pianoforte or organ, and the editor appears to have paid every possible attention to the arrangement. For the editing of such a work the skill and experience of Dr. Rimbault renders him admirably adapted.

THE HANDEL SOCIETY.

Most of our readers must be aware that the above society was instituted in 1843, for the production of a superior and standard edition of the works of Handel. Four volumes have been already delivered to the subscribers, viz.:—In the first year, *The Four Coronation Anthems*, “*The King shall Rejoice*,” “*Zadoc the Priest*,” “*My heart is inditing*,” and “*Let thy mind be strengthened*,” edited by Dr. Crotch; with *L’Allegro, Il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, edited by Moscheles:—in the second year *Esther*, edited by C. Lucas, with the

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, edited by T. M. Mudie:—in the third year the *Israel in Egypt*, edited by Mendelssohn:—and in the fourth year, *The Dettingen Te Deum*, edited by Sir George Smart. The motives which directed the society were shown in the prospectus, issued after its formation, which set forth, “that the larger portion of the works of Handel having been written in this country, and the most important of them being set to our language, entitle them (the society) to claim them as national property; and the circumstance of their immortal composer having lived and died and left his manuscripts in England, seems to render it a sacred duty to transmit his texts, pure and unimpaired to the world and to posterity.” With this true nobility of intention the Handel Society has spared neither time, pains, nor expense in producing the works of the composer in the completest form as regards the text, and in the utmost splendour as regards the printing, paper, &c. &c. The publication is entirely worthy the great name which originated it, and the age of improvement in which it has been produced. The subscription list already numbers upwards of seven hundred names, and is increasing with every year. We need hardly say that this magnificent work deserves a truly national support. The care and labour which have been expended in procuring the text in its original purity, the editing being entrusted to the first musical men in the country, and in one instance to the greatest living musician; the completeness and beauty of the work itself; and the mighty name of Handel must ensure for it, when its publication is made known, a universality of success surpassing that of any production of modern times. We call, therefore, upon all musicians to whom, perchance, the works of the Handel Society may as yet be unknown, to all amateurs and lovers of music, and to all who worship at the shrine of mighty intellect, to support the institution in, what we have entitled above, without any refinement, the nobility of intention.

The fifth issue of the Handel Society has been just sent us for review. It contains the *Acis and Galatea* edited by William Sterndale Bennett. To criticise this exquisite, most exquisite pastoral of the author is not required here. With its charms and its graces who is not conversant? It is a living, translucent fount of inspiration from beginning to end. It stands in the same regard to Handel's sublimer works, as Milton's *Comus* does to his *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes*. It is not the essay of genius towering in its loftiest flight on eagle wings, but the spontaneous effusion of less fiery moments, when intellect lay brooding with dove-wings in hours of serener contemplation. The *Acis and Galatea* is the most beautiful, as the *Messiah* is the grandest of Handel's compositions. To no fitter musician in existence could the present work have been submitted than Sterndale Bennett. This gentleman unites in himself every qualification requisite for such an undertaking. To the deepest and most devout reverence for the great author, Mr. Bennett adds in his own person, discrimination the most acute; an intuitive perception of the beauties of Handel, founded on his own consummate taste no less than his knowledge of the master; an untiring perseverance, necessary, when many copies are to be consulted and compared, and all closely examined; and a confidence in his own powers, without which judgment must waver, and research prove fruitless.

Mr. Bennett supplies in his preface a historical account of the *Acis and Galatea*, principally taken from Dr. Burney's “History of Music,” which we extract in a compendious form for the gratification of our readers. “The *Acis and Galatea, a Masque*, written for his Grace the Duke of Chandos, was first performed at Cannons in 1721. There are no dates

on the MS. to indicate the precise commencement and completion of the composition. There is considerable doubt as to the original shape of the work, some asserting that it was composed in the first instance to Italian words, and afterwards adapted to the English text of Gay and others; but I think that the fact of Handel having written an Italian opera on the same subject, entitled *Galatea, Acigi e Polifeno*, and to be found in Her Majesty's Library, has led to this confusion; and from the general appearance of the manuscript, I am of opinion that it was originally written to English words, as it now stands, although some of the pieces have doubtless been introduced since its first performance at Cannons. Amongst such pieces I may include the chorus, “Happy, happy we,” at the end of the first act, which is not found in the MS., and which, unlike every piece in the work, includes a viola in the orchestral parts. The only reference to this chorus is to be found on the last page of the preceding duet, where Handel has written, “Il Coro, la seconda volta.” The chorus in the Appendix, now, I believe, printed for the first time, must also have been written for some special occasion, and probably sung at the close of the performance. The chorus includes more characters than are previously introduced in any portion of the work; the orchestral parts are more numerous, and the principal solo singers are made to assist in the performance.”

Mr. Bennett supplies other matter in the preface equally interesting, to which we beg to refer our readers. It will be seen that the editor had no small difficulty to contend with in the revision of the *Acis and Galatea*. Manuscripts of several pieces could not be found, and in the principal manuscript from which the text is taken the last page is wanting. Nor has Mr. Bennett entered on his undertaking without some responsibility devolving to him. “The usual performance of this work,” he says, “must have been with a small chorus, and a small orchestra, and the Cembalo, or Harpsichord, which latter instrument had several important services to perform. The very meagre accompaniment in many places in the score was doubtless balanced by Handel himself, or some competent person, presiding at the Cembalo and filling up the harmony.” He adds, “the Pianoforte arrangement which I have made is, of course, to be chiefly considered as an adaptation of the instrumental parts; but in many places, where I consider Handel entirely relied on the ‘Cembalo’ for accompaniment, I have filled up the harmony at my own discretion.” This was unavoidable; but Mr. Bennett very properly has these parts engraved in smaller notes than those ordinarily used for the pianoforte, which can be either adopted or omitted at the option of the conductor.

We are also supplied by the editor in the preface with the following piece of interesting information. “It is, perhaps, not generally known that Mozart has put additional accompaniments to this work: a copy of his score (I believe his autograph) is in the King's Library at Berlin; another copy is at Vienna; and a third in the possession of Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.”

We cannot close our notice without a strong word of eulogy in favour of the publishers, Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., for the splendid form in which the series of works has appeared. It is truly in every respect one of the most magnificent publications of this, or any other age.

MADAME BISHOP IN AMERICA.

THE American journals transmitted to us for several months past are filled with the most lavish eulogies on Madame Bishop, who is almost unanimously asserted to be the greatest

English singer ever wafted westward across the Atlantic. Her success has been really immense ever since she made her American *debut*, which took place at the Park Theatre, New York, on the 4th of August. Following the English absurdities in the case of Jenny Lind, the Yankees have Madame Bishop's likeness on handkerchiefs, cigar-cases, tobacco-boxes, clay pipes, &c., &c., and one of the omnibuses in the city is called ANNA BISHOP. All the press are strenuous supporters of the artiste, with the exception of the writers in the *Courier* and *Enquirer*, the self-same critics who so strenuously attempted to run down Ole Bull, Herz, and Sivori. We shall take an extract from one or two of the most moderate of the newspapers, which will give the reader a fair estimate of Madame Bishop's popularity in America:—

"(From the *New York Age*, August 8.)—The great musical event of the week came off here on Wednesday evening, on which occasion Mde. Anna Bishop, in whose praise the press of this city has been busy for some time past, made her *debut* as Linda in Donizetti's opera of *Linda of Chamouni*, and had every reason to be perfectly satisfied with the reception she met with. Mrs. Bishop is rather above the medium height, and has a purely English face and figure. Her hair is black, her eyes (we believe,) dark blue, her complexion beautifully clear and fresh, her mouth large, and her bust well moulded. The likenesses we have seen of her give no idea whatever of the original. She is more youthful than Mrs. Wood or Miss Stephens were in their zenith, and her face strongly reminded us of those ladies, more especially while singing. So lavish and hyperbolical had been the praises of those who had heard Mde. Bishop sing, that we confess we entered the theatre with a fear that our expectations were raised by these laudations to so high a pitch, that although her talent might be great, we should be disappointed; but she surpassed even our most sanguine imaginings—and as a finished vocalist of the best and most modern school, she stands pre-eminently above any English *prima donna* we have ever listened to; and with the exception of such transcendently talented *artistes* as Pasta, Malibran, and Grisi, (we have never heard Jenny Lind,) we know of no rival she need fear among the continental singers of Europe. Let it be perfectly understood, however, that we are now speaking of her *talent*, her *skill*, her wonderful *execution*, and the surprising controul she possesses over her voice—we speak of these, *not of the voice itself*; for, despite the raptures of some, and the elaborate arguments of others to prove her voice splendid, and that the *sfogato* or veiled quality, as they style it, adds to its beauty, we do not hesitate to differ with them on this point, and declare this very mistiness a defect; that the *sfogato* in this instance arises from nothing less than a *want of body or tone* in the middle notes of the voice, while the moment she runs into the upper part of the scale, every tone and semi-tone is as brilliantly clear, ringing and metallic as if struck from a silver bell—there is no *sfogato* there—but a delicious, natural, healthy, musical voice which tells upon the ear electrically, whereas in the lower passages, while you listen enraptured to the wondrous trills and runs and daring efforts of vocalism which are made without an apparent effort, and achieved with a certainty and precision almost miraculous, you feel as if the voice came to you through some intervening medium, as if the singer were separated from you by a vapour, a gauze, or thin glass—and you wish the medium were away, that you might hear the voice more clearly. In a word, we believe that if Mde. Bishop possessed such an organ as nature bestowed on Mrs. Wood, she would have been entitled with full justice to the rank of the greatest English singer yet known, but as much as she excels Mrs. Wood in style and execution, just so much does she fall short of that *artiste* in body of tone. Her opening *scena* in the first act was sufficient at once and alone to satisfy the most sceptical of her great abilities—this was still strengthened by her singing in the *duet* with *Sirval* and again in the *baillad* with which the second act commences, which, great as it was, did not excel her splendid singing in the *finale* to that act. This was beyond comparison, better than anything sung by the Italian *prima donna* while here, but for extraordinary execution and brilliantly elaborate embellishment, the *grand finale* was her *chef d'œuvre*, and was an effort that could not fail to call forth the most enthusiastic applause from the most critical audience in the world. As an actress Mde. Bishop is much better than the majority of the syrens, and in one or two instances displayed considerable dramatic skill. Her costumes were appropriate and excellent, especially that worn in the second act, which was as correctly designed and artistically complete as it was magnificent. Mde. Bishop was called for, two or three times and received several bouquets, and applause enough to satisfy even the greatest *gourmande* in that article.

"(From the *Sun*, New York, August 6.)—PARK THEATRE.—Madame

Anna Bishop, the *prima donna* of the San Carlo Theatre at Naples, made her first appearance at this house on Wednesday evening, and her reception was the most brilliant and enthusiastic we ever witnessed. In *Linda of Chamouni*, she had created a great sensation in Europe, and the beautiful music of Donizetti, seemed as it were a new creation in her hands. There is an exquisite finish in the vocalization of Madame Bishop—the qualities of her voice are admirable, and the development artistically perfect. There is but little apparent effort, and the effect is surprising. Her singing is the perfection of the art, full of warmth and glowing in pulses and fraught with earnest and graceful action. No wonder she sang the part of Linda fifty nights at the San Carlo Theatre, and charmed with her beautiful delineation of the Swiss girl, the most impassioned and critical audience in the land of the song. Nor has Naples been the only field of her triumph in that *role*. Its deep interest, the simplicity of the story, the touching melodies so exquisitely sung and with so much feeling, have given it in her hands an indescribable charm everywhere. It is destined to elicit her the greatest enthusiasm in its frequent repetition, as it has already done on two successive nights. We have not space for an elaborate notice, suffice it to say, never was success more brilliant and decided; never were tones listened to with more thrilling interest and admiration. Never did the achievements of science and nature combined, exceed those she has produced. Her voice is a rich soprano of extended compass, of highly finished and brilliant execution, with great flexibility, and at times throwing out tones of the most exquisite sensibility and delicacy. We repeat, Linda, in the hands of this great artiste, is one of the most brilliant triumphs our stage has ever seen."

"(From the *American Literary Gazette*, Aug. 12.)—PARK THEATRE.—Madame Bishop has achieved at this house the most brilliant triumph. In Linda, the beautiful opera of Donizetti, she has given a most signal display of her powers, and produced alternately the most pleasing and startling effects. While she has charmed the ear and thrown a spell on the senses, she has disarmed alike prejudices and criticism. She stands alone on the pedestal of scientific excellence. Our stage may have witnessed equal power, and more impulsive action, but never the same musical perfection. Nothing can be more exquisitely sung than the fine ballad, 'On the banks of Guadalquivir,' from the opera of *Loretta*; it is a fine flowing melody, beautifully adapted to her silver tones; the style throughout the most impressive and graceful; the shakes she introduces in this air, on three successive semi-tones, were the most perfect and delicious we have ever heard—a wonderful effort of articulation which could not be surpassed by the human voice. For two past nights one of the leading features of the evening has been the celebrated recitative from Rossini's *Tancredi*, 'O Patria,' and the splendid aria, 'Di tanti palpiti.' Nothing can exceed the brilliant execution and chaste expression she gives to this scene, so admirably adapted to her style, and so fraught with all the charms of song. It was enthusiastically received, and the whole house rising unanimously called for an *encore*. But of all her triumphs here that in the scene from the *Love's Spell* was the most dazzling. It was written for her at Naples expressly by Donizetti, and suited to her varied and peculiar style. Here the rich tones of her pure, flexible, and melodious voice, were admirably displayed; her powers of execution, sustained with so little apparent effort—her graceful embellishments in such exquisite taste, and never obscuring by their redundancy the passages they adorn; the unerring certainty with which she seizes the most distant intervals and bursts on you with surprises sudden and resistless—in short, never were these more displayed, nor received with greater enthusiasm—never was the wreath of song more gracefully worn, more bright and full of sweets than her's. Her style is the perfection of art, and her tones breathe the most bewitching melody."

The above extracts we have selected because they appeared to us more reasonable, more argumentative, and by consequence, the nearer allied to truth than many others, which from their very extravagant praise and intumescence of phraseology, were calculated to convey anything but conviction to the mind. With most of the strictures of the writers, whom we cite, we are inclined to agree, and cannot think but that the encomiums bestowed are merited on one side, and conferred without prejudice on the other. When praise is given, even though it verge on the hyperbolical, and is counteracted by the expression of faults detected and blemishes pointed out, it is not irrational to conclude that the writer is swayed by judgment alone, and that he shifts, examines, and discriminates only to arrive at the truth. The bribed or prejudiced critic cannot conceal the natural bias of his mind.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SURREY THEATRE.—On Monday Mr. Bunn commenced his operatic and dramatic campaign at this theatre with Balfe's *chef d'œuvre*, *The Bohemian Girl*. The company, orchestra, and chorus were nearly the same as those which performed last season at Drury-Lane. We have already given a list of the principal artistes engaged. The doors of the theatre were besieged for hours before they opened, and five minutes after the visitors were admitted there was not standing room to be obtained inside. There was much disturbance during the earlier portion of the opera, and, until it was announced to the audience that those who felt incommoded might retire and have their money returned, and until the theatre was partially thinned by those who availed themselves of the privilege, there was scarcely a single note of the music heard. The cast of *The Bohemian Girl* at the Surrey, differed in one respect materially from that of Drury-Lane: Miss Romer taking the part of Arline, a character which had previously been undertaken by Miss Rainforth, and in which that fair artiste won a most fair repute. It may be readily conceived that Miss Romer's version differed *in toto* from that of Miss Rainforth; that it gained in energy and power, but lost in elegance and delicacy; that although it might be more striking and telling with the audience, it was scarcely so natural or truthfully appealing. Miss Romer's acting and singing, nevertheless, produced a powerful sensation on the Surrey visitors, that lady having obtained an uproarious encore in all her solos. Mr. Harrison was received with immense cheers, and won, as a matter of course, an enthusiastic encore in the popular ballad, "When other lips," which he gave in his usual effective manner. Mr. H. Horncastle's Devilshoof was, dramatically, better than Stretton's, but, vocally, inferior. This gentleman's voice lacks weight in such parts. Miss Rebecca Isaacs made an excellent Queen of the Gypsies, and was received with great favor. Borrahi was heard to advantage in Arnhem. The chorus was striking and effective, and the orchestra, though somewhat less in number than that of Drury-Lane, under the able direction of Mr. J. H. Tully, left little to be desired. The scenery and appurtenances exhibited the same regard to splendor and completeness that has always distinguished Mr. Bunn's management. Some of the scenery was extremely beautiful, and elicited great and lasting applause. After the opera Mr. Bunn was called for, and after some time made his appearance amid hearty and continued cheers from all parts of the house. From the place we occupied, and the frequent interruption to the speakers, added to the prevailing hubbub, every body calling "silence" as loud as he could, we could not catch three words of the speech; nor do we think the words reached the ears of any persons in the house who were further removed from the stage than the proscenium boxes, or the first row in the pit. The speech, notwithstanding, was vociferously cheered, and Mr. Bunn's unheard appeal was as well received as though every syllable had been audible. The entertainments concluded with Mr. Bunn's popular and amusing farce, *My Neighbour's Wife*, in which Messrs. F. Vining, Oxberry, and Attwood, and the Mesdames H. Hughes, R. Hughes, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs performed. Between the opera and afterpiece a *Pas de Deux*, by Les Sœurs St. Louin, and a *Pas de Caractere*, by Miss Annie Payne, were introduced.

Mr. Bunn has commenced his campaign with spirit, and under the most favorable omens. He has brought a company, a chorus and orchestra together, that certainly were never heard previously within the Surrey theatre; and he has had a success on his first nights unparalleled in the annals of that establishment. We are bound to aid Mr. Bunn in his endeavours

to disseminate the works of our best English writers on the other side of the water, where, it is acknowledged, the taste of the people is as different from that of the Middlesex side as though they were removed hundreds of leagues from the capital. Mr. Bunn has therefore a new world to exhibit his energies in, and a new audience to indoctrinate. We are bound, we repeat, to aid the manager in his new musical mission. The theatre has undergone some repairs, alterations, and re-decorations, and is in course of undergoing more. Among the principal improvements, a distinct entrance to the private boxes will be recognised as that which was most desirable. *The Bohemian Girl* has been played every night during the week, and continues to be as great a source of attraction as on the opening night. A new domestic drama is announced for Monday next.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The public interest in the experiment for restoring the plays of Shakspere to the stage, in their original form, was manifested in an extraordinary degree on Monday evening, on the revival of *Macbeth* at this theatre, the house being literally crammed in every nook and corner before the curtain rose. Whatever may, in many cases, be urged against the practice of having altered versions of Shakspere for the stage, as, for example, in the case of changing the catastrophe of King Lear, a gross profanation of the poet's genius, the desirableness of a close adherence, on all occasions, to the original text, may be reasonably doubted. The alterations on Monday evening were not very important, the chief one being the introduction of the short scene of the murder of Lady Macduff and her child. The zeal and ability shown in getting up the piece are deserving of all praise. From the most important down to the most minute of the scenic arrangements, the same care and attention were visible which have ever characterised this theatre. The vanishing of the witches is admirably done by means of gauzes brought in quick succession before the objects. This contrivance, with the stage darkened, gives as accurate a picture of the "vanishing into air" of the weird sisters as it is perhaps possible to produce. The grouping also, throughout the piece, is especially worthy of notice. Thus, in the gathering of the retainers of the castle immediately after the murder of the King, they appear first singly, then in twos and threes, and finally in groups, the whole exhibiting the taste and confusion of a midnight summons to arms. The banquet scene was very splendid, but it would have been better had the usual method been followed of bringing Macbeth's chair to the front instead of putting it between the tables, which were placed across the stage. In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Phelps was compelled to deliver his first speech to the Ghost with his back to the audience, while in his second address to his unearthly visitor, which he spoke from behind the table in the midst of his guests, he was so far back, that the effect was again materially injured. Mr. Phelps's Macbeth is well known for its spirit and energy. The Lady Macbeth of Miss Addison was an uneven performance, at times exhibiting great force and truth, and occasionally sinking to the level of mere mediocrity. All her scenes were of this mixed character. The Macduff of Henry Marston was excellent throughout. The very trying scene, in which he hears of the murder of his wife and children, elicited a well-merited tribute of applause. Macbeth, in his encounter with Macduff in the last scene, is, according to the original version, killed off the stage, and his head brought in on a pole, which latter incident should have been omitted. On the appearance of the head it evidently required all the reverence of the audience for Shakspere, to restrain an open demonstration of disapproval. At the end of

the play, Mr. Phelps was called forward amidst a hurricane of applause; after which Mr. Marston and Miss Addison stepped forward to receive their share of applause.

MUSIC AT MARGATE.

MARGATE.—Our correspondent, *Harmonicus*, informs us, that Mr. Gardner, director to the promenade concerts, at the Royal Hotel, took his benefit on Friday evening, which, we are glad to hear, was very numerously attended, by a highly respectable company. The vocalists were Miss Felton, Miss Chambers, and Mr. J. L. Hatton, who sang several compositions with great success. Mr. Hatton performed a prelude and fugue of Handel's on the pianoforte, excellently; and he also took part with Messrs. Bradley and Gardner (violin and violoncello) in a trio by Beethoven. A solo on the violoncello was performed with great taste by Mr. Gardner, and loudly applauded. The performances concluded with a selection of popular quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, &c., played with great spirit by the band. The rooms will be closed this evening (Saturday, Oct. 2nd), after being open for two months. Mr. Gardner is entitled to great credit for the highly respectable manner in which the concerts have been conducted. *Harmonicus* says, that the renowned Phillipott, begins to make a long face, when he cries, for most of the summer birds have taken wing. Still the muses do not desert their devotee; he called on his old friend the other day, to show him his parting address; which, after much coaxing, he permitted our correspondent to copy, for the amusement of "The World,"—here it is—

A month ago,
As I well know,
In scarce a vinder could you see
"Lodgings to let,"
But now I'll bet,
That you will meet
In ev'ry street
With nothing else, but I. E. T.
The season's o'er,
So, now no more,
From your humble servant—T. P.

A few seasons ago, the erudite Dolly Dubbins, with her pa and ma, paid Margate a visit, and on leaving, she sent a classical poem (?) to a local paper, entitled "Farewell to Margate," concluding with the following expressive and elegant lines—

"Farewell to the Steamers, the Pier, and the Jetty,
Where folk (as the Scotch say) so often got wettie,
Farewell to the bathing, the walks, and the rides,
Farewell to the donkeys, and all friends besides."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN.—(From our own Correspondent).—My dear —
Dieu merci, we are once again quiet, and one can reach one's house without the chance of being maimed by a set of ruffianly *militaires*. You will be surprised at my remaining here so long, and I fear that I shall get no *World* this week, so must make up my mind to wait for English musical gossip until I get to Venice. To-night we have *Linda di Chamounix* for the re-appearance of the Hayes. You shall have some account of it in a postscript to-morrow morning before post time. Jullien went from this to Bergamo to engage her for Drury-Lane, such was the *furore* she had occasioned here, but the fastidious director thought she was not sufficiently perfect for his *troupe*, which all the world are raving about. They could not come to terms. A report was raised here that Albani was engaged by Lumley to appear with Lind; I at once contradicted it, and offered to back my assertion by a bet. By the bye, after dinner at the *café* yesterday, I saw a little

knot of idlers very much amused at something in a newspaper, and on my approach they showed me an article in *Galigani*, copied from a Manchester paper, stating that "Jenny Lind manifested great emotion while regarding the casts of Weber and Malibran." I was jokingly reproached for belonging to a country where such absurd means were taken to procure notoriety for an artiste. You can have no idea of the ridicule to which this talented lady is subjected by the hyperbolic articles which are put into circulation to render her notorious. The charming Fanny Elssler is engaged here for the Carnival, with Perrot; she has 35,000 francs. Miss Noble, the daughter of the dancer, many years at Drury-Lane, has had great success in some of the Italian theatres. She was offered a lucrative engagement at Lisbon but she feared disturbances in that country, so will, in all probability, accept an engagement which has been offered her at the *Teatro Re*, for the Carnival. La Parepa is gone to Sienna, where she has created a great *furore* in *Beatrice di Tenda*. I saw Favanti and her sister at the *Scala* on Thursday; she is engaged to sing at Varese, to strengthen the troupe, which is now at Verona. Miss Bingley, an English lady of great talent, is gone to Parma as *prima donna*; she has to find all her own costumes!! The gossips say that Covent Garden is to have several additions to its already efficient *troupe* next season; but it appears the director is difficult to deal with, and will listen to none but those of undoubted reputation and talent. The fortunate director, Mr. Lumley, was rather more easy last season, for he engaged people who had never sang out of a village in Italy. The agents here (there are only two of any repute) find Mr. Beale a very difficult person to deal with.

P.S.—The *Linda* went very well, and the reception of the Hayes was tremendous; but, alas! the end of the first act showed that the size of the *Scala* had sadly deteriorated from the quality of her voice since last season, and I am inclined to think Jullien was right in not engaging her. The Milanese will not tolerate a defective note, however great a favorite the artiste may have been the year before. This was clearly proved last night, for painful indeed was it to hear how gradually the applause lessened towards the end of the opera. Gruitti, who sings in *Don Sebastiano*, is decidedly better; she has more compass and strength of voice. I enclose the *caste*, so you can make what use you like of it. It was as follows :

Il Marchese di Boisfleury	·	·	·	<i>Soares Cesare.</i>
Il Visconte di Sirval	·	·	·	<i>Musich Eugenio.</i>
Il Prefetto	·	·	·	<i>Derivis Prospero.</i>
Antonio, alfittajo, padre di Linda	·	·	·	<i>Corsi G. B.</i>
Pierotto, giovine orfano savojardo	·	·	·	<i>Poppi Amalia.</i>
L' Intendente del feudo	·	·	·	<i>Marconi Napol.</i>
Maddalena, madre di	·	·	·	<i>Ruggeri Teresa.</i>
Linda	·	·	·	<i>Hayez Catarina.</i>

N.B.—Learti and his wife (late Miss Hobbs, who sang at Varese last year), are engaged by Jullien for concert singing; they are both first rate.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Musical World."

SIR.—Perhaps an account of Jenny Lind's visit to Norwich may not be unacceptable to you. She was expected on Saturday, the 18th ult.; but owing to the postponement of the Edinburgh concerts, from her illness, she was not able to reach here till the 21st; she was expected by the four o'clock train, when a very large concourse of persons came to meet her. She did not arrive till eight; when she immediately proceeded to the palace of the Bishop, having been invited by his lordship to take up her stay there during her engagement. She sang at these concerts on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and Saturday morning; the concert on the latter, being the result of the success of the former two. These entertainments took place in St. Andrew's Hall, which was handsomely fitted up as at the festival; with the exception that the orchestra occupied

the site of the patron's gallery. This orchestra was well filled on the two evenings, and crowded on Saturday morning; and it is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which Jenny Lind was received. Her singing excited the most intense feeling of wonder and admiration; the close of every song was marked with repeated rounds of applause, and there were several encores each night. Her voice has some qualities, which no other singer, as far as I am aware, possesses. Her echoing the notes of the Swedish melodies, is one of the most beautiful things I have heard, and the way in which she executes the different passages in the opening scene from *La Figlia*, and those in *Con Pazienza*, is astonishing. Then her style is so pure; her intonation so perfect; her feeling so intense; there is so much sweetness in her voice, and her shake is so exquisite, that I can scarcely imagine any singing more perfect. Here she has created a perfect *furore*, the people are all Jenny Lind mad; and her noble generosity in giving up to the managers of the concerts (Mr. C. F. Hall, leader at the Surrey Theatre, a young man of talent, and Mr. G. Smith, late manager of our theatre), £200, because she thought, the prices of admission being reduced at the suggestion of one of the patrons, that the profits of the managers were not so large as they ought to have been, and also presenting £200 to our charities, has won for her most deservedly, "golden opinions." She consented to pay £50 towards the expenses of the extra printing, advertising, &c., rendered necessary by the postponement of the concerts: this, however, Mr. Hall positively refused, much to his honor, to accept. Much has been written of Jenny Lind, *but not too much*. I was delighted with her in London; but almost feared she would not be so attractive in a concert-room. I am agreeably disappointed. She enchanted every one—or nearly so, for there will always be some discontented mortals. Gardoni, and Madame and Signor F. Lablache accompanied Madlle. Lind. They all sang very charmingly. The latter was extremely happy in "John Anderson, my Joe," and in Balfe's beautiful ballad of "Chide not." The band was selected in London by Mr. C. F. Hall, and included W. Thomas, violin; W. L. Phillips and W. Reed, violoncelli; Percival, double bass; Willoughby, bassoon; King, flute; Handley, cornet-a-piston; Horton, oboe; W. Rochester, trombone; Kielbach, horn; Wright, ophicleide; Maycock, clarionet, &c., &c., &c. These artists, Mr. Balfe conducting, and Mr. C. F. Hall leading, played admirably. The overtures went well, and the accompaniments to the songs, &c., were, as they ought to be, made subservient, as helps and sustainers to the voice; and not controlling that organ by an overpowering noise. This band played at several promenade concerts, (Mr. C. F. Hall, conductor, Mr. W. Thomas, leader), and rivalled the excellence of Jullien's celebrated troupe. If you think the above worthy inserting, I shall be happy to see it in the columns of *The Musical World*.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
MUSICUS.

To the Editor of *The Musical World*.

SIR.—Being a constant reader of your periodical will I hope be some excuse for my now troubling you. A gentleman, who is a great advocate for congregational singing, (which is a very desirable thing) gave me a letter to read, which is published in the church newspaper, "Toronto." The following I have copied, and I hope one of your many correspondents will be able to give some explanation. It says, "Whence comes it, that even in our largest churches, where there are both choirs and organs, the voice of congregational melody is hushed, and no one seems to think he has any part to perform in singing the praises of God?" The solution of this enigma will, I am confident, be found, not so much in any natural want of devotional feeling, as in the fact that our church choirs sing the *melody* of their tunes in the *triple* instead of the *tenor*; and in place of singing in *unison*, as was formerly the practice in the *ancient song* of the churches, make it a point as much as possible to sing in *harmony*. This, I am convinced, is the chief cause of the present indecent silence of our congregations, whilst the praises of God are being sung. The melody of the tune, whether it be chant or metrical psalm, is led off by the choir in the *triple*; it is expected the congregation will follow, but how is it possible? not one man in a hundred can sing a tune in the *triple*; and the consequence is, that the majority of every congregation are dumb—not willingly, but of necessity. I am no opponent of singing in *harmony*, quite the reverse, I readily admit that *harmony* is the perfection of music; but I contend that it is impracticable in congregational singing, and that *unison* singing in the *tenor* is the true and proper ecclesiastical mode of singing, and the only mode in which a body of musically uneducated worshippers can be expected to join heartily, and with joy, in singing the praises of God.

September 29th, 1847.

Yours, J. B. C.

To the Editor of *The Musical World*.

SIR.—Hoping that this may reach you before the next *Musical World*

goes to press, I take the liberty of requesting you not to pass over without notice the shabby way in which the audience were treated at the Gloucester Festival, by the curtailment of Beethoven's magnificent symphony in B flat, on the Thursday evening concert: At the end of the slow movement there was a most ominous pause, and great was our astonishment that no more of it was to be performed, (as we were told afterwards) by order of the *Stewards*, who actually considered it too long. Hoping you will excuse this liberty, I have the honor to be,

Sir, your obedient servant,

Bristol, September 30th, 1847.

A CONSTANT READER.

THE CLOSING OF COVENT GARDEN.

A Lay à la mode de Marmion.

(From the "Man in the Moon.")

Through Covent Garden's brilliant halls,
The crowds from boxes and from stalls,
Are hurrying o'er the polished floors,
And pressing to the outward doors;
In cabs and broughams borne along,
The parting guests the highways throng,
And murmuring still some well-known air,
In broughams couched, the happy fair,
Speed homewards to their rest;
And issuing from the portals wide,
With joyous sounds, the living tide
Rolls gaily to the west.
But, backward many a glance is cast,
The Opera season's o'er at last.

The war, which since the spring has raged,
By rival Opera's fiercely waged,
Now draws towards its close.
Retiring into private life,
And gathering strength for future strife—
The managers repose.
A gallant fight they both have fought,
With many varying chances fraught;
But had not Lumley Jenny caught,
His fate had long been sealed,
For Grisi still as Queen would reign,
And Persiani fought amain,
And brave Alboni not in vain,
Swore she to none would yield;
But both sides now from strife forbear,
And calmly for the Spring prepare.

Let Grisi then with Mario come,
Let Persiani not be dumb,
Nor young Corbari mute—
Let Tamburini's voice ring out,
Marini with his deep-toned shout,
With him the palm dispute.
And thou, our latest, dearest prize!
Alboni, let thy notes arise
In varied tones of joy or woe,
Now echoing loud, now whispering low—
As softly breathing wind.
Ronconi, too, shall lend his aid,
And spite of all the efforts made,
Costa shall yet his baton wield,
And Beale's fine Theatre keep the field
'Gainst Lumley and 'gainst Lind.

PROVINCIAL.

CHELTENHAM.—The Annual Concert for the benefit of Mr. Julian Adams, the eminent pianist, took place on Saturday evening last, in the Pump Room. A considerable degree of interest was excited, not only from the high esteem in which Mr. Adams is held as a musician and conductor of the concerts held in this place of fashionable amusement, but also from the announcement that the Collins' family would take part in the performance. Although the room was not full, yet the attendance was very good and highly respectable, many of the distinguished families at present sojourning in Harrogate being present. The programme was well chosen, containing selections from some of the first masters. The

programme was well chosen, containing selections from some of the first masters. The concerted pieces were performed with the utmost skill and precision; and the execution of the solos reflected much credit upon those who took part in them. The auditory frequently testified their approbation of the performers by bursts of applause. The song, "Then you'll remember me," given by Miss E. Collins, with cornet obligato, by H. Kohler, was encored; and we much admired a fantasia on the piano, by J. Adams, and a solo on the flute, by S. Saynor. The manner in which the violin was played by Miss Rossini Collins, and the violoncello, by Miss Victoria Collins, drew forth unequivocal expressions of admiration. The concert did not conclude till ten o'clock, and the audience separated much gratified with the entertainment.—*Harrowgate Paper.*

WORCESTER.—The second concert of the Worcester Harmonic Society for the season took place at the Guildhall on Monday evening. Handel's *Athalia* was given almost entire: and as the oratorio was a novelty to the people in Worcester, (never having, we believe, been before given here,) it attracted a full and highly respectable company, the whole of the seats in the assembly-room being occupied at eight o'clock. The band was led by Mr. J. H. D'Egville, and Mr. Done was the conductor. Taken as a whole, the performance was excellent. Mr. T. Williams, brother of the talented ladies of that name, who have on more than one occasion delighted a Worcester audience, and pupil to Mr. T. Cooke, took the principal tenor parts. Mr. Whitehouse was encored in the air, "Ah, canst thou but prove me." The part of Joad, the high priest, was sustained by Mr. J. Jones, who also presided at the pianoforte. Of the band we can speak in terms of high praise. The choruses were, with perhaps one or two exceptions, sung with precision and effect. Handel's oratorio of *Jephtha* will form the subject of the next concert of this society.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

BRISTOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—The fact that Jenny Lind's appearances at Bath and Bristol would be her last in England added no small impetus to the excitement which her engagements originated. The prices of admission were increased at both places, nearly seven-fold, yet the theatres of Bath and Bristol were crowded on the evening of the two evenings almost to suffocation. At the concert on Monday evening at the Bristol theatre an apology was made for Madame Solari, and Madame F. Lablache on the score of illness. But nothing was considered, or cared about save the "Swedish Nightingale" and so she could sing, the audience cared not one rush if the orchestra, accompanist, and pianoforte were labouring under indisposition. The reception of Jenny Lind was of course tremendous, and her singing excited various sentiments among the listeners, the majority being certainly among her admirers. I, for one, felt quite charmed, and though I would not rank her with such vocalists as Grisi, or Alboni, I must say she is a very superior artiste. The quality of her voice is I think over-rated. There is an unpleasant guttural sound in her singing, which I have never heard in the Italians. I take it her *art* is her all in all. Her execution is sometimes surprising, and pleases me as quite as well as Persian's, though it may not have her astonishing flights of fancy, or self-dependencies which seem to make Persian's singing so spontaneous. I was disappointed, I must confess, with Jenny Lind's "Casta Diva." Comparisons naturally suggested themselves, and I could not help feeling that the "Swedish Nightingale" had not power to usurp the throne of "La Diva." In the *buffo* duet from the *Il Fanatico per La Musica*, with F. Lablache, she was much happier, her singing being characterised by great beauty and expression. In the final aria from *Sonambula*, she was also excellent, and vocalised with great precision. The throatiness of her voice, just mentioned, injured, occasionally, the effect of this very brilliant display. The air was heard amid a tumult of acclamations. In the "Quando lascia la Normandia," from *Roberto il Diavolo*, and in a *canzonet* of Haydn's, with German words, she sang with great purity and taste. Her greatest impression of the evening was the Swedish melodies. In these and like national airs which require purity of tone, and facility of execution, I do not think she can be surpassed, now that Madame Stockhausen is gone; and Jenny Lind certainly surpasses that delightful vocalist in warmth and energy, for Stockhausen was as cold as ice. Most of the Swedish melodies were repeated by uproarious request, and the concert concluded to the delight of nearly every one present. I need not allude to the concert which took place on Tuesday evening at Bath, which was almost in every respect a fac-simile of the one held the previous evening in Bristol. Mr. Balfe deserves the highest possible praise for the masterly manner in which he officiated at the piano and conducted. Mr. Balfe at the piano is really an orchestra in himself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADMOISELLE ALBONI.—This vocalist is engaged at the French Opera-house for a short period, after which she will proceed to fulfil an engagement in Hungary.—*Times.*

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A correspondent, in noticing the letter of E. D. C., which appeared in our last number, very prudently enquires, what would become of the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, were the operas at Covent Garden to take place on Mondays and Wednesdays; and, what is of the utmost importance, what would become of the band; for most of those who play in the orchestra at Covent Garden, are engaged at both the Ancient and Philharmonic, and have been so, for many years, "It winna do, E. D. C."

DEATH OF MADAME ALBERTAZZI.—We regret to announce, that this talented vocalist died on Saturday last, aged 33, after a protracted illness. In Vol. VII. of the *Musical World*, page 103, may be found a memoir of Albertazzi, whose maiden name was Hewson; daughter of a teacher of music. She was married to Albertazzi when only fifteen years old. She went abroad, and remained there for many years, performing with great success at various theatres. In April 1837, she made her débüt at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Hay-market, in *Cenerentola*, with decided success. She sang both at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts; and, in 1840, appeared with great success at Drury Lane Theatre. Her health began to fail; and when she appeared at the Princess' Theatre last year, her voice became visibly weak and uncertain; she has suffered severely for several months, and a rapid consumption ended her days in the prime of life, leaving a husband and a family to lament her loss.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS is, we understand, composing an *oratorio*; we have not heard what subject the founder of the "Contrapuntists' Society" has selected.

MR. WETHERBER has accepted an engagement to deliver a course of six lectures on the Italian and German schools of vocal melody, at the Royal Institution, Manchester, in February next.

Rossini has been appointed Captain of the National Guard at Bologna. The grand *maestro*, it is said, already takes great interest in his military avocations, and threatens to indite a National Hymn, the very sound of which will rouse all Italy to frenzy, and affright Austria back to her capital.

MADAME DULCKEN gave pianoforte matineés this week, at Weymouth, Southampton, and Ryde, with very brilliant success; and her performance elicited the greatest applause. She was accompanied by Mr. John Parry, whose *buffo* songs were rapturously encored, especially his last new one, "Harriet and her Governess."

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE will open this evening with the *School for Scandal*, and *The Invisible Prince*. The comedy will include in its cast Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. W. Clifford, Mr. W. Farren, Mr. Webster, Mr. Henry Farren, (his débüt), Mr. A. Wigan, Mr. Creswick, Mr. H. Vandenhoff, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Brindal, &c. Miss Helen Faust will make her appearance on Monday in the *Lady of Lyons*; and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley will perform the same evening in *Twice Killed*. Several novelties are in preparation, among which we may mention a new five-act comedy by Douglas Jerrold.

THE MESSRS. DISTINS gave concerts at Scarborough on Friday morning and evening last; at Whitby on Monday the 27th; at Stockton-on-Tees on Tuesday evening; at North-Shields on Thursday; and at Sunderland yesterday.

FREDERICK SOULIE, the celebrated French *littérateur*, died last week in Paris from chronic gout. He was one of the most brilliant and popular of the French novelists, and enjoyed

a great reputation for many years. His *Memoires du Diable* created a greater sensation on its first appearance than any work that had preceded it since the *Notre Dame* of Victor Hugo. Frederick Soulié died in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE commences its winter campaign on Monday with *Macbeth* very strongly cast, Macready and Miss Cushman playing the principal characters. Mr. Maddox has brought together as capital a tragic company as could be well procured in the present state of the dramatic market. We perceive that Madame Anna Thillon is also engaged; but with her, who are to form the operatic *corps* we have no means of fathoming. The only vocalists' names we perceive in the list of singers in the *Macbeth* choruses are—Mr. Bodda, Mr. Barker, Miss E. Romer, and Miss Emma Stanley. But doubtless the manager has something more in reserve.

VIARDOT-GARCIA.—M. Jullien, during his late tour, ff^o red this celebrated vocalist the enormous terms of 100 guineas per night, to appear 40 nights at Drury-Lane theatre, the money to be deposited at Rothschild's bank. This offer, liberal as it was, was declined by Mad. Viardot. Negotiations, however, are still pending, and it is hoped that M. Jullien will eventually succeed in obtaining the services of this wonderful artiste for his new speculation.

ALBONI.—The renewal of this popular artiste's engagement has been certified for the Royal Italian Opera next season, at extravagant terms,—five times the amount of what she received for the season just expired. Alboni may not only say that she sang one night and found herself famous, but that she sang one season in London, and found herself a *millionaire*.

BALFE has gone to join Madame Balfe and his family in Paris. Gardoni and Costa have also arrived in Paris.

MDLLE. CORBART makes her *rentrée*, with Grisi, Persiani, Mario, and Coletti to night, at the *Italiens* in Paris, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Her part is Elvira. Mdlle. Corbari is re-engaged at the Royal Italian Opera next season.

MRS. NISBETT will appear for the first time in Helen, in *The Hunchback*, on Wednesday next. Miss Helen Faust as Julia, Mr. Creswick as Master Walter, and Mr. Webster as Lord Tinsel, will render the cast unusually strong.

M. JULLIEN arrived in London on Tuesday from the continent. The admirable *chef* has returned from his experimental tour, furnished, we understand, with various musical novelties, to be forthcoming at the Promenade Concerts, which commence on Friday next. One of the musical novelties is the real Swiss horn to be played by M. Koenig. Mr. Jullien has made sundry engagements during his *sejour* in Italy, of which we shall give due notice by and bye.

DRURY-LANE.—Two hundred workmen are employed daily in the alterations and decorations of this house. The hangings, we learn, are to be scarlet and gold, and the ornamental portions are to be on the lightest possible scale. The theatre, fashioned after the French Opera-house, will no doubt be extremely beautiful.

ACTORS AND SINGERS.—(From a *Dublin Paper*.)—“It has been invidiously alleged, by a certain class of men, more celebrated for their egotism than their judgment, that the salaries of singers are ridiculously disproportionate to those of actors; in short, that the least deserving are the most paid. They who are led to this consideration either wilfully blink their eyes on the naked truth, or are, from their vanity, so obnubilated in their mental optics, that they cannot distinguish rationality from inconsequence. There are three reasons, good and true, why the singer should be better paid

than the actor. First, the singer must be brought up to his profession and requires a specific course of education which involves an expensive outlay. The actor is the offspring of chance, one of Nature's petlings, and his education is always independent of his following—he may, or may not be taught—the profession involves no necessity. Secondly, the singer necessitates the abilities of an actor conjoined with his own. He that would aspire to be a great vocalist cannot dispense with the possession of the highest dramatic powers. On the other hand music is little, or no aid to the great actor. It is no recommendation to a tragedian that he has a brilliant tenor, or a splendid barytone, or that his intonation is faultless. The third cause why vocalists should necessarily be paid more than actors, is, that the voice is a precarious organ, and that the singer's livelihood is ever at the mercy of temperature and the weather, and that a catarrh or deafness will, in one moment, subvert the acquirements of study and experience, and nullify the finest efforts of genius. To this last, as a corollary, may be added that the ravages of time on the voice renders the singer's remaining on the stage, after the prime of life, a matter of infrequency. A great vocalist demands the possession of more abilities than a great actor, and spite of what may be urged by the class of men alluded to at the beginning of this paragraph against singers being paid immoderately, we pronounce that the singer is only paid proportionately to his circumstances and fortune. If Tamburini receives more money for singing and acting than Macready does for acting, it is only natural to pay one artiste more for doing two things well, than another for doing one thing well.”

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new and original five act drama of domestic interest entitled *The Willow Copse*, from the enjoined pens of Dion de P. Bourcicault and Charles Kenney, has been read and accepted by the fair manageress of this theatre. Report speaks in the highest terms of the new drama, which is written to include the entire strength of the Adelphi company.

THE JENNY LIND MANIA AT EDINBURGH.—“A Correspondent of the *Daily News* at Edinburgh, in a letter, dated Sept. 28th, descanting upon the abuses to which the inhabitants are exposed makes the following statement:—“A slighter but more ludicrous annoyance to which the fair inhabitants of St. Mungo's are exposed, consists, in such of them as are of Scandinavian appearance, being mistaken for Jenny Lind. The times have been that when a player left a town there was an end to him, but although Jenny's doings at Norwich have been duly chronicled so as to put her *alibi* beyond doubt, a light-lailed, blue-eyed maiden in Buchanan-street, was yesterday mobbed, from her supposed identity with the ‘Nightingale,’ and had to take refuge in a shop. And the trick of so hunting young ladies, either as a joke or for collecting a crowd to favor thieves, seems to have been resorted to more than once.”

MR. EDWARD LODER is writing a new opera for the Drury Lane company to a *libretto*, founded on Sheridan's play of *Pizarro*, by Charles Rosenberg. Mr. Loder is also far advanced in an opera for the Princess's; the subject is *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

CHRISTOPHER TADPOLE.—(From the “Ten Towns” *Messenger*.)—By Albert Smith.—To sustain the interest required in any serial publication, it is necessary that the author be a man of acute observation as well as of general information, that he should be acquainted with the proceedings of every grade of society, and have seen life in all its shapes and hues. Very few men have had these advantages; those who have can scarcely fail to make the dullest tale interesting, and those who have not invariably are unsuccessful in investing their works with even the smallest atom of

humour or of wit. Mr. Albert Smith evidently belongs to the former class; he has made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and been professionally initiated into the mysteries of dissecting-rooms, as "Ledbury" will testify; occasionally he has peeped behind the scenes and penetrated into the sanctity of the green room; he has steamed it up the Rhine and down to Gravesend; visited Rosherville as well as Vauxhall; he has seen the Bridge of Sighs at Venice as well as paid the toll to its contemporary at Hungerford; and judging from his writings, it would be a matter of considerable difficulty to say what place the author of Christopher Tadpole has *not* visited, or what region he has not explored. The reading public have, however, been the gainers. His works have been stored with well-told anecdotes and comical reminiscences of travel. The "gent" has been somewhat robbed of his glory by the disclosures of this clever humorist. The ballet girl has reason to thank him for the good word he gave her in his little *brochure* of the name. "Stuck-up People" will feel an arrow from his shaft; public nuisances and private cant have received most effectual reproofs from his pen, calculated to be more serviceable in silencing either their imposition or hypocrisy than any other device invented by ingenious humanity. We like the writings of Albert Smith; in them there is no ill-placed sentiment nor false commiseration. No telling us that we are upon the eve of some social misery; no engaging our fears by pointing out an imaginary deplorable state, but a blithe and hearty good humoured style of writing, full of real wit and humour in every sense of the word—writing that will make you shriek with laughter despite your efforts to restrain it; not the stereotyped, conventional, aristocratic sort of laugh, but an unmistakeable one that makes the walls ring again [with its echo, and plays no inconsiderable part in aiding the digestive organs in the due exercise of their proper functions. His writing is natural; he sketches characters with amazing precision; Ledbury, as an instance, will strike home to many who have ambitiously attempted the continental tour business; and Jack Johnson, inimitable Jack, is nature itself. The present tale, Christopher Tadpole may not, perhaps, prove so interesting to the general class of readers as some of Mr. Smith's former works; although the characters themselves are drawn with life-like accuracy. Nor are the incidents of the plot commonplace or devoid of spirit; there is not, by any means, so wide a field for display as in Ledbury. Our author has not, however, neglected any opportunities to make his tale amusing. Christopher Tadpole is in no way an unnatural character; there are many such. Sprouts, a well-meaning shop-boy, figures prominently, and, notwithstanding the evidence of the accuracy with which the character is depicted (for we regret to say there are too many of the Sprouts' *genus* in the world), we think that all must give way to the characters of Gudge and Mrs. Hamper, to us the best drawn in the whole tale. The lawyer, a sordid-minded, ignorant man, incapable of a generous action, and untroubled with any ideas but those designed to entrap some of his less artful fellow creatures into his insidious snares; and Mrs. Hamper, one of those women whom, under any pretence, you cannot shake off; who will follow you with the perseverance of a starved spaniel; who cannot conceive that an addition of *one* to your small circle will be a formidable difference, and who, of course, always travels without her purse—*ergo* the expenses of the said *one* must be defrayed out of your own pocket. This work of Albert Smith's is like all the works of this author, a perfect copy of life; each character is sketched with fidelity; the plot is skilfully drawn; the interest is well sustained. We consider it one of the most attractive publications of the day, and it adds to the reputation which Mr. Smith has so deservedly gained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received, on several occasions, letters from various Correspondents, requesting to know why certain numbers of the Musical World could not be procured. The only answer we can return is, that these numbers of the journal had a greater attraction than others, and that they were all bought up.

T. S.—The poetry cannot be made available for more reasons than one.

ITEM.—Mr. G. A. Macfarren is in New York, and will return in the Spring.

A CONSTANT READER.—Mons. Hector Berlioz is appointed conductor of the Drury Lane Band. Mr. Jullien will, of course, conduct at the Promenade Concerts.

INQUIRER.—It was Madame Eugenia Garcia, Sister-in-law of Malibran, not Pauline Garcia, who appeared at the Princess's in Sonnambula, Lucrezia Borgia, &c., &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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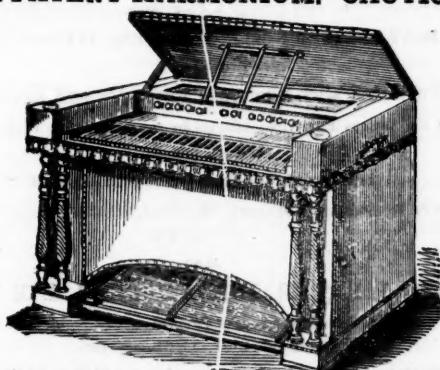
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